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◆ QUARTERLY FOR 1914 ◆

LITERARY NUMBER

ST. LOUIS, MO.

JANUARY, 1914

Author's separate
With the writer's compliments

COLLECTED VERSE

No. 16

By

Noxon Toomey

FOR A CHAPTER MEMORY BOOK

Why burden these lithesome pages
With records of our dreary strife,
For such shall soon be forgotten
If not recalled to life.

So this book but records the days
We spent in merriment,
And will never recall the days
Of willful devilment.

For this life is what we make it,
A day of pleasant thought
Or, a life of endless mis'ry,
With sad memories fraught.

December, 1909.

DEATH

Hope sinks into silence—the story is told—
The features are darkened, the heart's blood is cold.
A life is completed and closed like the day,
And the God who gave it, hath taken it away.
Pale grows the visage, and snuffed is life's fire,
Scund fades into silence as loved ones retire.
Darker and darker the black shadows fall,
As death's deep sorrow lays claim over all.
Mournfully, solemnly sounding its dole,
The funeral bell is beginning to toll.
January, 1910.

TO THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

O sweetest one, I sure would praise
Your lovely eyes, if I but knew,
From meeting once their loving gaze,
What color claims their glorious hue.

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And some mention of your hair
I'd like to make—its braid and curl—
But, then, though you're my sweetheart fair,
Alas! you're still the unmet girl!

With joy, your virtues I exalt,
Though yet unaware what they may be,
And then each charming little fault,
You may-hap have, is dear to me!

I wildly yearn to tell you how
I love the very thought of you,
For that it all I can love now,
Until you come within my view.

February 13, 1910.

AFTER MEETING THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

From all the points the wind can blow,
I liketh most the West,
For there the lovely maiden lives,
The maiden I love best.

I see her in the morning,
In visions sweet and fair,
I see her in the evening hour,
And feel her charms so rare.

And all the verdant flowers that spring
By river, woods or palace,
And all the graceful birds on wing,
Just mind me of my Alice.

February 25, 1911.

The above pieces were written in my seventeenth and eighteenth year, or early college days. They were written, as were those following, before I had received instruction in even the rudiments of versification. They bear no improvements of a teacher, as may be seen. With this note, and the assurance that their circulation will be limited to my close friends, I print them in response to many requests for copies of them. I might otherwise be tempted to include one or two in a better collection, now in the making.

LINES ON MY MICROSCOPE

See that tube of burnished brass
With its doors of crystal glass!
Making it an Aladin pass
 To dominions microscopic.

It reveals at my command
Structures of an unknown land,
And gives to a mortal's hand
 Franchise in a world exotic.

Its eye for deepest mystery,
And teachings free from sophistry,
Reveal the race's history,
 To delight the philosophic.

An offspring of ingenious mind,
Lifter of a pristine blind,
Ever ready, like its kind,
 To render service dioptric.

This device with form and virtues fair,
Faithful searcher of life's hidden lair,
Claims tribute of praises rare,
 Instrument so scientific!

April, 1911.

DELTA SIGMA THETA BANQUET SONG

Come along, and sing a song
Of happy days of yore,
When we all were college chums
In search of classic lore.
Gather 'round, and linger 'round
A good fraternal feast,
Swap some tales of college pranks,
A score or more, at least.

Tell again, and sing again,
Of care-free days now gone,
Of happy hours together spent
On campus, field or lawn.
Joke about and laugh about
Funny stunts and stags,
Relating all the curious deeds
Of chapter wits and wags.



Chorus:

So then we'll drink, boys! drink!
 To friendship that will last;
 Happy whene'er we think
 Of our brothers of the past.

And now we'll drink, boys! drink!
 To comrades that are here,
 With quips that make us think
 Of past events so dear.

September, 1911.

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY FLEUR-DE-LIS SONG

The fleur-de-lis' royal blue,
 For years has stood for power,
 And grace and love and culture,
 Heaven's blessings in a shower,
 And 'neath the glorious splendor,
 The blue and white doth shed,
 She is still challenger
 To those whom she hath led.
 So through long years of college,
 With help at every turn,
 To the charm of erudition,
 For which we warmly yearn
 That we may win life's victories,
 And earn through our own U.
 The choicest blessings of this life,
 To deck the white and blue.
 :: That we may win life's victories,
 And earn through our own U.
 The choicest blessing of this life,
 To deck the white and blue.

Chorus:

As trials of life o'erwhelm us,
 Threading fast our hair with white,
 And cherished hopes deceive us,
 To Fortune's beguiling wight;
 We'll forget our cares and sadness
 When our memories wander free,
 To recall these days of gladness,
 Crowned by the fleur-de-lis.
 :: To recall these days of gladness,
 Crowned by the fleur-de-lis.

July, 1911.

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